

# My Lady of the North

The LOVE STORY of A GRAY JACKET

By Randall Parrish

Author of "When Wilderness Was King"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR A. WILLIAMSON

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"As you have doubtless remarked, Colonel, we are extremely fortunate in our ladies to-night. By Jove, they would grace an inauguration ball at Washington. So many officers' wives have joined us lately, supposing we would make permanent camp here, and besides there are more loyal families in this neighborhood than we find usually. At least their loyalty is quite apparent while we remain. Then the General Hospital nurses are not especially busy,—no battle lately, you know,—and there are some deuced pretty girls among them. Ball-room looks nice, don't you think?"

"Extremely well; the decorations are in most excellent taste."

"Entirely the work of the staff. Great pity so many were compelled to be absent, but a soldier can never tell. Here upon special duty, Colonel?"

"I brought despatches from the President to General Sheridan."

"Wish you might remain with us permanently. Your command, I believe, is not connected with our Eastern army?"

"No, with Thomas in the Cumberland."

"Ah, yes; had some very pretty fighting out there, I understand—oh, pardon me, Miss Minor, permit me to present to you Colonel Curran, of General Halleck's staff. The Colonel, I believe, is as able a dancer as he is a soldier, and no higher compliment to his abilities could possibly be paid. Miss Minor, Colonel, is a native Virginian, who is present under protest, hoping doubtless to capture some young officer, and thus weaken the enemy."

I bowed pleasantly to the bright-eyed young woman facing me, and not sorry to escape the Major's inquisitiveness, at once begged for the remainder of the waltz. The request was laughingly granted, and in another moment we were threading our way amid the numerous couples upon the floor. She proved so delightful a dancer that I simply yielded myself up to full enjoyment of the measure, and conversation lapsed, until a sudden cessation of the music left us stranded so close to the fireplace that the very sight of it brought a vivid realization of my perilous position. If it had not, my companion's chance remark most assuredly would.

"How easily you waltz!" she said, enthusiastically, her sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks testifying to her keen enjoyment. "So many find me difficult to keep step with that I have become fearful of venturing upon the floor with a stranger. However, I shall always be glad to give you a character to any of my friends."

"I sincerely thank you, I returned in the same spirit, "and I can certainly return the compliment most heartily. It is so long since I was privileged to dance with a lady that I confess to having felt decidedly awkward at the start, but your step proved so accommodating that I became at once at home, and enjoyed the waltz immensely. I fail to discover any seats in the room, or I should endeavor to find one vacant for you."

"Oh, I am not in the least tired." She was looking at me with so deep an expression of interest in her eyes that I dimly wondered at it.

"Did I understand rightly," she asked, playing idly with her fan, "that Major Monsoon introduced you to me as Colonel Curran of General Halleck's staff?"

What the deuce am I up against now? I thought, and my heart beat quickly. Yet retreat was impossible, and I answered with assumed carelessness:

"I am, most assuredly, Colonel Curran."

"From Ohio?"

This was certainly coming after me with a vengeance, and I stole one quick glance at the girl's face. It was devoid of suspicion, merely evincing a polite interest.

"I have the honor of commanding the Sixth Artillery Regiment from that State."

"You must pardon me, Colonel, for my seeming inquisitiveness," and her eyes sparkled with demure mischief. "Yet I cannot quite understand. I was at school in Connecticut with a Miss Curran whose father was an officer of artillery from Ohio, and, naturally, I at once thought of her when the Major pronounced your name; yet it certainly cannot be you—you are altogether too young, for Myrtle must be eighteen."

I laughed, decidedly relieved from what I feared might prove a most awkward situation.

"Well, yes, Miss Minor, I am indeed somewhat youthful to be Myrtle's father," I said at a venture, "but I might serve as her brother, you know, and not stretch the point of age overmuch."

She clasped her hands on my arm

with a gesture of delight.

"Oh, I am so glad; I knew Myrtle had a brother, but never heard he also was in the army. Did you know, Colonel, she was intending to come down here with me when I returned South, at the close of our school year, but from some cause was disappointed. How delighted she would have been to meet you! I shall certainly write and tell her what a splendidly romantic time we had together. You look so much like Myrtle I wonder I failed to recognize you at once."

She was rattling on without affording me the slightest opportunity to slip in a word explanatory, when her glance chanced to fall upon some one who was approaching us through the throng.

"Oh, by the way, Colonel, there is another of Myrtle's old schoolmates present to-night—a most intimate friend, indeed, who would never forgive me if I permitted you to go without meeting her."

She drew me back hastily.

"Edith," she said, touching the sleeve of a young woman who was slowly passing. "Edith, wait just a moment, dear; this is Colonel Curran—Myrtle Curran's brother, you know, Colonel Curran, Mrs. Brennan."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Woman I Loved.

The crucial moment had arrived, and I think my heart actually stopped beating as I stood gazing helplessly into her face. I saw her eyes open wide in astonished recognition, and then a deep flush swept over throat and cheek. For the instant I believed she would not speak, or that she would give way to her excitement and betray everything. I durst give no signal of warning, for there existed no tie between us to warrant my expecting any consideration from her. It was an instant so tense that her silence seemed like a blow. Yet it was only an instant. Then her eyes smiled into mine most frankly, and her hand was extended.

"I am more than delighted to meet you, Colonel Curran," she said calmly, although I could feel her lips tremble to the words, while the fingers I held were like ice. "Myrtle was one of my dearest friends, and she chanced to be in my mind even as we met. That was why," she added, turning toward Miss Minor, as though she felt her momentary agitation had not passed unobserved, "I was so surprised when you first presented Colonel Curran."

"I confess to having felt strangely myself," returned the other, archly, "although I believe I concealed my feelings far better than you did, Edith. Really, I thought you were going to faint. It must be that Colonel Curran exercises some strange occult influence over the weaker sex. Perhaps he is the seventh son of a seventh son; are you, Colonel? However, dear, I am safe for the present from his mysterious spell, and you will be compelled to face the danger alone, as here comes Lieutenant Hammersmith to claim the dance I've promised him."

Before Mrs. Brennan could interfere, the laughing girl had placed her hand on the Lieutenant's blue sleeve, and, with a mocking good-bye flung backward over her shoulder, vanished in the crowd, leaving us standing there alone.

The lady waited in much apparent indifference, gently tapping the floor with her neatly shod foot.

"Would you be exceedingly angry if I were to ask you to dance?" I questioned, stealing surreptitiously a glance at her proudly averted face.

"Angry? Most assuredly not," in apparent surprise. "Yet I trust you will not ask me. I have been upon the floor only once to-night. I am not at all in the mood."

"If there were chairs here I should venture to ask you a greater favor—that you would consent to sit out this set with me."

She turned slightly, lifted her eyes inquiringly to mine, and her face lightened.

"No doubt we might discover seats without difficulty in the anteroom," she answered, indicating the direction by a glance. "There do not appear to be many 'sitters' at this ball, and the few who do are not crowded."

The apartment contained, as she prophesied, but few occupants, and I conducted her to the farther end of it, where we found a comfortable divan and no troublesome neighbors.

As I glanced at her now, I marked a distinct change in her face. The old indifference, so well assumed while we were in the presence of others, had utterly vanished as by magic, and she sat looking at me in anxious yet impetuous questioning.

"Captain Wayne," she exclaimed, her eyes never once leaving my face, "what does this mean? This masquerade? This wearing of the Federal uniform? This taking of another's name? This being here at all?"

"If I should say that I came hoping to see you again," I answered, scarce knowing how best to proceed or how far to put confidence in her, "what would you think?"

"If that is true, that you were extremely foolish to take such a risk for so small a reward," she returned calmly. "Nor, under these circumstances, would I remain here so much as a moment to encourage you. But it is not true. This is no light act; your very life must lie in the balance, or you could never assume such risk."

"I would trust you gladly with my life or my honor," I replied soberly. "If I had less faith in you I should not be here now. I understand that I am condemned to be shot as a spy at daybreak."

"Shot? On what authority? Who

told you?"

"On the order of General Sheridan. My informant was Lieutenant Caton, of his staff."

"Shot? As a spy? Why, it surely cannot be! Frank said—Captain Wayne, believe me, I knew absolutely nothing of all this. Do you think I should ever have rested if I had dreamed that you were held under so false a charge? I promised you I would see General Sheridan on your behalf. Frank—" she bit her lip impatiently—"I was told, that is, I was led to believe that you were—had been sent North as a prisoner of war late last night. Otherwise I should have insisted upon seeing you—on pleading your cause with the General himself. The major and I breakfasted with him this morning, but your name was not mentioned, for I believed you safe."

She did not appear to realize, so deep was her present indignation and regret, that my hand had found a resting place upon her own.

"You must believe me, Captain Wayne; I could not bear to have you feel that I could prove such an ingrate."

"You need never suppose I should think that," I replied, with an earnestness of manner that caused her to glance at me in surprise. "I confidently expected to hear from you all day, and finally when no word came I became convinced some such misconception as you have mentioned must have occurred. Then it became my turn to act upon my own behalf if I would preserve my life; yet never for one moment have I doubted you or the sincerity of your pledge to me."

She waited quietly while a couple passed us and sought seats nearer the door.

"Tell me the entire story," she said gently.

As quickly as possible I reviewed the salient events which had occurred since our last meeting. Without denying the presence of Major Brennan during my stormy meeting with General Sheridan, I did not dwell upon it, nor mention the personal affair that had occurred between us. Even had I not supposed the man to be her husband I should never have taken advantage of his treachery to advance my own cause. As I concluded there was a tear glistening on her long lashes, but she seemed unconscious of it, and made no attempt to dash it away.

"You have not told me all," she commented quietly. "But I can understand and appreciate the reason for your silence. I know Frank's impetuosity, and you are very kind, Captain Wayne, to spare my feelings, but you must not remain here; every moment of delay increases your danger. Sheridan and those of his staff who would surely recognize you were expected back before this, and may appear at any moment—yet how can you get away? how is it possible for me to assist you?"

There was an eager anxiety in her face that piqued me. Like most lovers I chose to give it a wrong interpretation.

"You are anxious to be rid of me?" I asked, ashamed of the words even as I uttered them.

"That remark is unworthy of you," and she arose to her feet almost haughtily. "My sole thought in this is the terrible risk you incur in remaining here."

"Your interest then is personal to me, may I believe?"

"I am a loyal woman," proudly, "and would do nothing whatever to imperil the cause of my country; but your condemnation is unjust, and I am, in a measure, responsible for it. I assist you, Captain Wayne, for your own sake, and in response to my individual sense of honor."

"Have you formulated any plan?" she asked quickly, and her rising color made me feel that she had deciphered my struggle in my eyes.

To Be Continued.

PROSPECT CROSSING.

Nov. 27, 1911.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ream celebrated their golden wedding anniversary last Tuesday, Nov. 21. About thirty of their friends and relatives were present. They were the recipients of many beautiful and useful gifts. Their young friends gave them a belling at night to remind them that they were again starting out on a new life.

Mrs. Cora McConnaughey called on Mrs. H. N. Kelley Monday afternoon.

Edward Renoe, of Cumminsville, spent part of last week among friends here and indulged in his favorite sport, hunting.

Miss Alice Lafferty, of Hillsboro, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. E. West, last Tuesday and Wednesday.

The funeral of Christopher Streber, who died at the home of his son, William, at Cincinnati, was held at Prospect Saturday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Elliott. Mr. Streber was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1828 and came to America on Christmas day, 1844. He spent much of the remainder of his life in this community, where he was well and favorably known.

Frank Kelley and sister, Fay, visited their uncle, Lawrence Kelley, at Blanchester, last Saturday and Sunday.

Amelia and Cinderella Richards, of near Hillsboro, were the guests of their cousin, Elva Chaney, Sunday.

Mrs. Jane Patton visited her sister, Mrs. W. M. Kelley, of Hillsboro, Wednesday.

HIGHLAND.

Nov. 27, 1911.

Miss Alice Horsman spent Sunday with Miss Louise Head.

Glenn Woodmansee and wife, of Washington C. H., spent Sunday with the former's parents, Frank Woodmansee and wife.

Mrs. Steve Beam and Ida Woodmansee went to Sabina Tuesday.

Miss Edith Vance spent Sunday with Miss Edith Grace.

Mrs. Archie Woodmansee, who is attending Medical College, at Cleveland, is spending the Thanksgiving with home folks.

Mrs. Harry McKinney, of Rockford, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Alvin Sanders.

Rev. McMillan will preach the Thanksgiving sermon at the Friends church Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Connor, of Harper's Station, was visiting friends here Sunday.

The Friends held a social at Rev. McMillan's Friday night. There was a good attendance and all report a good time.

Mrs. Bryan, of Harper's Station, was visiting friends here Sunday.

George Bonar and wife are moving into their property lately vacated by W. R. Ballard and family.

E. M. Johnson and Jas. Adams are business visitors in Indiana.

Clay Moore was a business visitor in Chillicothe Saturday.

Orland Earl, Mrs. Edie Earl and Lenna Evans were in Wilmington Thursday.

W. D. Green and wife spent Sunday with Silas Thornburg and wife.

J. H. Wright and wife were the guests of Pearl Simmons and wife, near Leesburg, Sunday.

J. H. McClure and Clay Moore were business visitors in Columbus Monday.

L. M. Syferd was on the sick list last week.

Miss Stella Conard, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Glenn Evans.

W. L. Hoskins and family are moving in the property recently purchased for Mrs. Livzey.

Mrs. F. M. Horsman and son and Mrs. F. S. Woodmansee were in Washington Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Clare Larkin has returned from Owensburg, Ky., where she has been employed.

Misses Mary, Edie and Anna Hartl were shopping in Hillsboro Monday.

A. J. Ellis and wife, of New Martinsburg, spent Sunday with J. H. McClure and family.

H. V. Terrell and Miss Elva Morrison motored to Hillsboro Monday.

Mrs. Lenna Swonger and children spent Monday with Mrs. Fred Martin.

Raymond Corey, of Frankfort, spent Monday evening with friends here.

Roscoe McPherson and wife are visiting relatives in Chillicothe.

A. J. McClure and family entertained a few young people with an oyster supper Thursday evening.

CLOVER DALE.

Nov. 27, 1911.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Shaffer and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Cochran and daughter spent Sunday with D. A. Pulliam.

Miss Myrl Wardlow spent Sunday with Miss Mary Barr.

Mrs. Jane DeHass, of Indianapolis, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Mary Pulliam.

Robert Barker was the guest of C. E. Barr and family Friday.

Ira and Wilber Fawley spent Friday and Saturday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fawley, at Logtown.

Ed. Barker and wife spent Saturday and Sunday at Washington C. H.

Mrs. Carrie Gossett and daughter, Mary, were guests Sunday of John Bennington and family, at Danville.

Miss Nelle Wardlow spent Sunday with home folks.

Rev. Foust commences a series of meetings at Sardinia to-night.

J. E. Thomas and family entertained relatives from Middletown a few days last week.

"There are very few real optimists," remarked the contemplative citizen.

"What is your idea of a real optimist?"

"A man who can walk to work just as cheerfully as if he were chasing a golf ball."

Call and see the cleanest, up-to-date grocery in the city. Independent delivery.—Kelly's Cash Grocery.

"Why wasn't your Bohemian restaurant a success?"

"People wouldn't enter into the Bohemian spirit of the place."

"Wouldn't they talk in epigrams or sing?"

"Oh, they did all that, but they wouldn't spend over 50 cents a head."

—Kansas City Journal.

What has built up our big coffee business? Best goods at lowest prices. Kelly's Cash Grocery and Cash. Adse. Co.

LEESBURG.

Nov. 27, 1911.

R. R. Jones and family are visiting relatives in Columbus.

C. E. Penn and wife are visiting friends in Indiana.

Mrs. Martha Van Pelt and daughter, Miriam, and Mrs. Kerr came home Friday evening from Cincinnati, where little Miss Miriam had been attending school the past few months.

Mrs. F. L. King and Mrs. David Sanders visited friends in Westboro last Saturday.

Mrs. A. G. Thurman entertained with a 5 o'clock dinner Saturday evening Mrs. C. W. Huggins, Mrs. Dora Sparks and Misses Sara and Madge Purdy.

The Home Guards met Saturday afternoon at the home of Miss Blanche Redkey. By the united efforts of these young misses, who were busily engaged in plying their needles from 2 to 4 o'clock, a joyous Christmas is being planned for some little girls, far away, who otherwise perhaps would have but little of the things that go to make a happy Christmas tide.

Herbert Hlatt and wife, of Wilmington, were guests of her parents, R. P. Barrett and wife, last Saturday and Sunday.

One of the prettiest of November weddings occurred Saturday eve at 8 o'clock at the home of A. B. Griffith and wife, on High street, when their niece, Miss Goldie Mae Smith, was united in marriage to Harry Waldo Shanks, of Blanchester. In the presence of about 85 guests. The beautiful and impressive ceremony was read by Rev. J. M. Bailey. The appointments for the wedding and supper were elaborate in every particular. The young couple left the same evening for a bridal trip, the itinerary of which was kept a secret, after which they will take up their residence in Blanchester where the groom has a home furnished ready for the reception of his bride. The bride was the recipient of a beautiful and costly array of presents. Their many friends here extend best wishes and heartiest congratulations.

Miss Louise Morton, of Blanchester, visited friends here Saturday night and attended the Shank-Smith wedding.

Mrs. C. C. Redkey will spend Thanksgiving with her parent, Rev. H. G. Middleton and wife, at Yellow Springs.

Howard Teter and wife, of Chillicothe, were guests of Fred Terry and wife, over Sunday.

Fred Wolfe and family were guests of R. T. Leaverton and wife Sunday.

Mrs. Elvira Beeson left Saturday for Chattanooga, Tenn., for the winter.

Mrs. Etta Pavey entertained recently with a 12 o'clock dinner Mrs. Lou Elwood, of Highland, Mesdames Gage, Redkey, Sanders, Evans, Leaverton, Teter, Beeson and Penn.

Prof. D. L. Milne and family, C. B. Cox and family and T. J. Knedler and family were guests of Silas Sparks and wife last Sunday.

Miss Beulah Barrett, of Norwood, is the guest for Miss Ethel Griffith.

"I do not believe there is any other medicine is good for whooping cough as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes Mrs. Francis Turpin, Junction City, Ore. This remedy is also unsurpassed for colds and croup. For sale by all dealers.

## Sheriff's Sale

Perry J. Hart vs Alice Ludwick, et al  
Hillsboro County Court of Common Pleas  
Case No. 8547

ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE IN PARTITION

In pursuance of an order issued from the court of Common Pleas within and for the county of Hillsboro and state of Ohio, made at the October term thereof, A. D. 1911, and to me directed, I will offer for sale at public auction at the door of the court house, in the village of Hillsboro, Ohio on

December 4, 1911.

at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day the following described real estate to-wit:

Situate in Union Township, Highland County, Ohio, and being part of Hart's Original Survey No. 13,421, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a stake the N. W. corner of Hart's Survey No. 13,421 and N. E. corner of Covington Road's survey No. 12,345, also corner to land now owned by Chas. Johnson, thence with the East line of Survey No. 12,345 with the center of a county road, and East line of Charles Johnson, E. E. Brewer and Jonas Britton S. 4 deg. 40 min. W. 400 chains, passing Brewers' N. E. corner at 85.00 chains, and Britton's N. E. corner at 40 chains, to a stone in said road S. W. corner of Hart's survey No. 13,421, and N. W. corner of Harwood's survey No. 14,383, also N. W. corner of land owned by Wesley Roush; Thence with the north line of Survey No. 14,383 and lands of Wesley Roush and Lester Pawley and in the center of a county road, S. 87 deg. E. 18.00 chains, passing Roush's N. E. corner at 12.00 chains to a stone in the center of said road and corner to Lester Pawley; thence with the line of Lester Pawley and Isaac L. Jones N. 3 deg. 52 min. E. 36.00 chains passing Fawley's S. W. corner at 57 chains to a stake, a corner to Isaac L. Jones Thence with a line of said Jones N. 87 deg. 30 min. W. 2.34 chains to a stone another corner to said Jones; Thence with a line of said Jones N. 0 deg. 20 min. E. 2.30 chains to a stone corner to said Jones and chains to a stone corner to said Jones; thence to the south line of survey No. 12,407 and south line of the lands of S. Chaney, James Byrd and Charles Johnson N. 87 deg. 30 min. W. 15.00 chains, passing S. Chaney's S. E. corner at 3.00 chains, James Byrd's S. E. corner at 7.11 chains, and Charles Johnson's S. E. corner at 9.25 chains to the beginning of said survey four acres and ninety six square poles of land be the same more or less. Being the same lands, which were devised by the third item of the will of Joel Hart, deceased to his daughter-in-law, Margaret Hart, for life and the fee, subject to rents to the heirs at law of his deceased son Andrew Hart.

Said premises has been appraised at forty five hundred (\$4500) dollars and cannot sell for less than two-thirds of said appraisement.

Terms of Sale—One-third cash on day of sale, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years thereafter, with interest from date of sale; such deferred payments to be evidenced by promissory notes of the purchaser, payable to the parties respectively entitled and secured by mortgage upon the premises.

CAREY LONG  
Sheriff of Highland County, Ohio.

## Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Louise M. Beucier Jacobs, Deceased.

R. D. Hoffman has been appointed and qualified as administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Louise M. Beucier Jacobs, late of Highland county, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 8th day of November A. D. 1911.

T. M. WATTS,  
Probate Judge of said County.

## DO YOUR LAMPS SMOKE?

Is your gasoline stove burning clear? Buy your oil and gasoline from the Famous Oil Delivery wagon, and you will be satisfied.

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For pains in the side or chest dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Liniment and bind it on over the seat of pain. There is nothing better. For sale by all dealers.

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